

Old Hundred. L. M.

M. Luther.

All people that on earth do dwell, Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice: Him serve with fear, his praise forth tell, Come ye before him and rejoice.

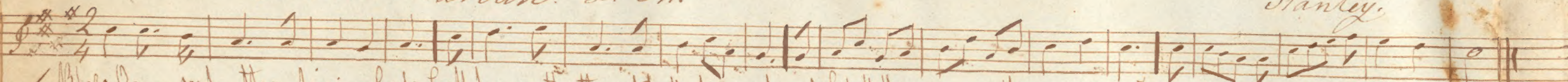
Be thou, O God, exalted high: And as thy glory fills the sky, So let it be on earth display'd, Till thou art here, as there, obey'd.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow; Praise him, all creatures here below; Praise him above, angelic host: Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

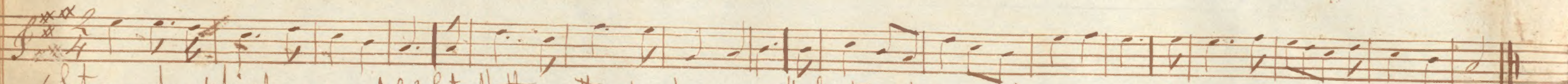
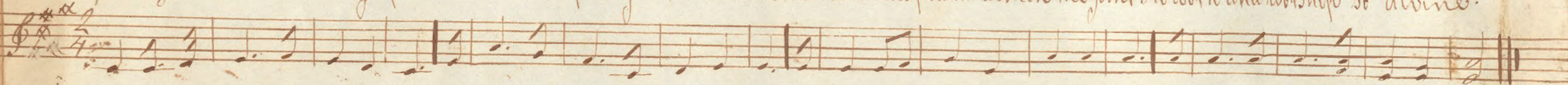
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Mount Mariah. L. M.

Stanley.



1. Bless, O my soul, the living God: Call home thy thoughts, that rove abroad: Let all the powers within me join, In work and worship so divine.



4. Let every land his power confess? Let all the earth adore his grace: My heart and tongue, with rapture join, In work and worship so divine.



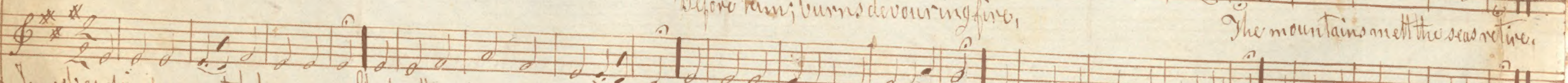
Monmouth. L. M.

M. Luther.



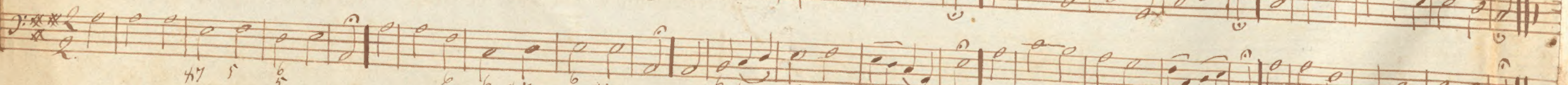
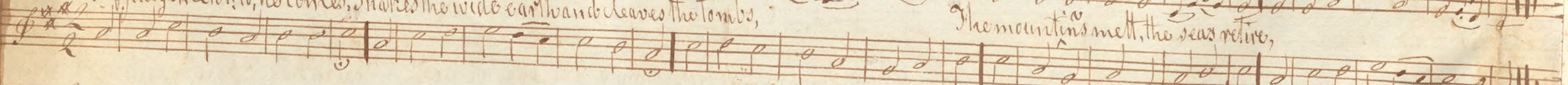
Before him; burns devouring fire,

The mountains melt the seas retire.



In robes of judgement; lo, he comes, Shakes the wide earth and leaves the tombs,

The mountains melt, the seas retire,



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Portugab. L. M. Verse.

Chorus.

Shorley.

O! could I soar to worlds a-bove, The blest abode of peace and love; How gladly would I mount and fly, On angels wings to worlds on high.

Organ. Voice. 6

Shocking. L. M.

Oh! come, loud anthems let us sing, Loud thanks to our almighty King; For we our voices high should raise, When our salvation's rock we praise.

Allegro.

Ellenthorpe. L. M.

1. Say, how may heav'n and earth unite? Say, how shall men with angels join? What link harmonious may be found Natures discordant to combine.

2. Loud let the pealing organ swell, Breathe forth your soul in raptures high, Angels with men in music join: Music the language of the sky.

Stade. L. M.

L. Mason.

1. Sweet is the work, my God my King, To praise thy name, give thanks, and sing. To show thy love by morning light, And talk of all thy truth at night.

2. Sweet is the day of sacred rest, No mortal care shall seize my breast: Oh may my heart in tune be found, Like David's harp of solemn sound.

Resurrection: L. M.

Barnham.

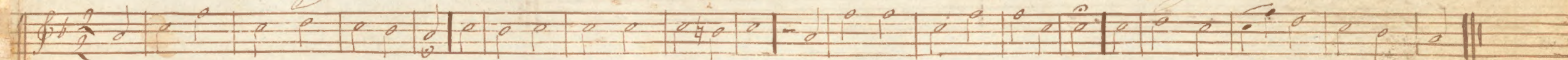


This life's a dream, an empty show; But the bright world to which I go, Hath joys substantial and sincere: When shall I wake and find me there!



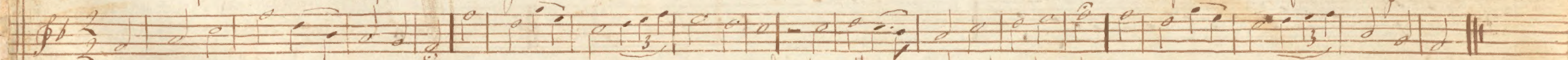
German's Hundred: L. M.

German.

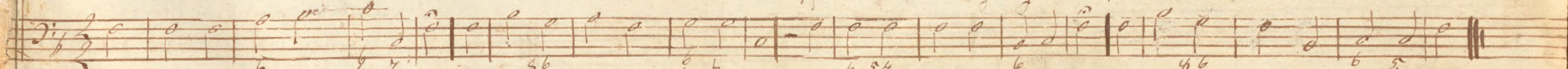


There is a God - all nature speaks, Through earth, and air, and seas, and skies;

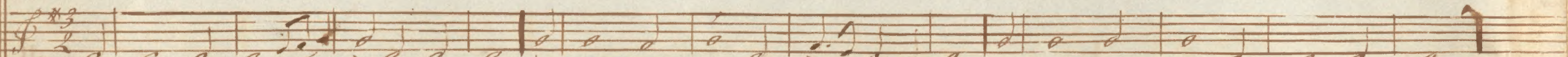
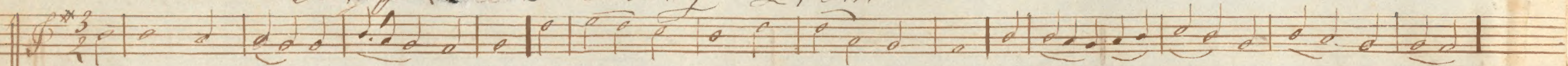
When the first beams of morning rise.



See, from the clouds his glory breaks,



~~The Confession~~ Amity L. M.

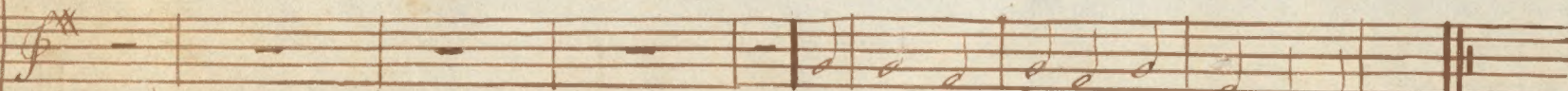
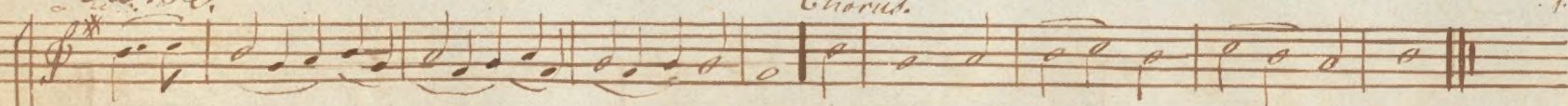


1. Awake, my soul, to joy-ful lays. And sing the great Re-deem-er's praise: He justly claims a song from me.

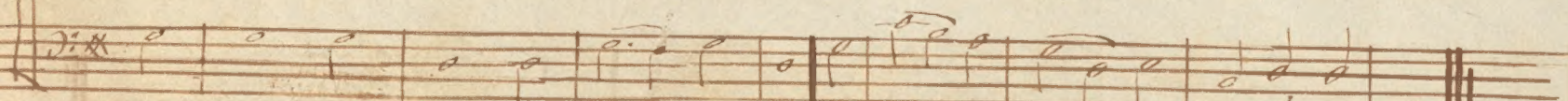
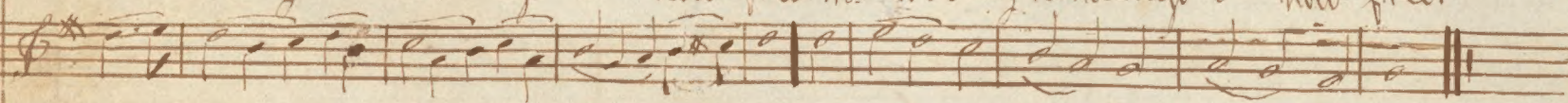


Verses.

Chorus.



His lov-ing kind-ness O how free. His lov-ing kind-ness O how free.



Trst.

1. Awake, my soul, to joyful lays.

And sing the great Redeemer's praise:
He justly claims a song from me
His loving kindness O how free.

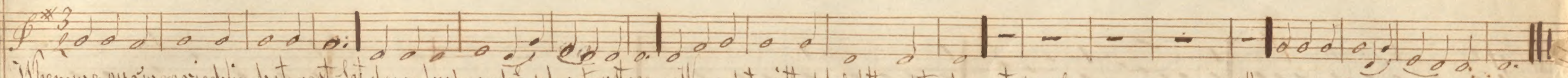
3. Though numerous hosts of mighty foes,
Though earth and hell my way oppose:
He safely leads my soul along,
His loving kindness O how strong.

6. Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,
Soon all my mortal powers shall fail:
Oh may my last expiring breath,
His loving kindness sing in death.

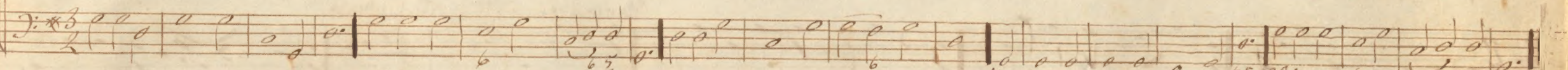
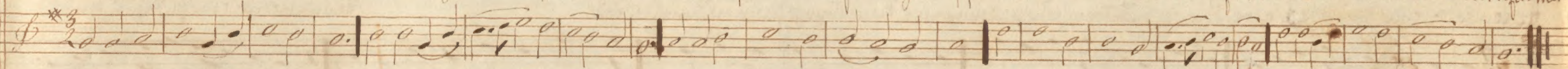
Newcastle L. M.

Verse,

Shoeb.
Chorus.



When we, our wearied limbs, to rest, sat down by proud Euphrates stream; We wept, with doleful thoughts oppressed, And Sion was our mournful theme. And Sion was our mournful theme.



Caledonia L. M.

Inst.

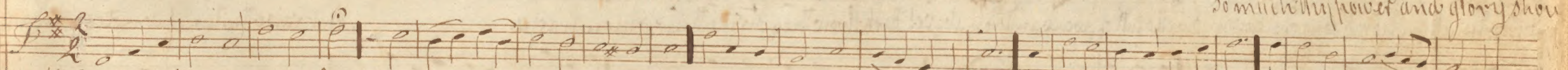
Voices

Verse,

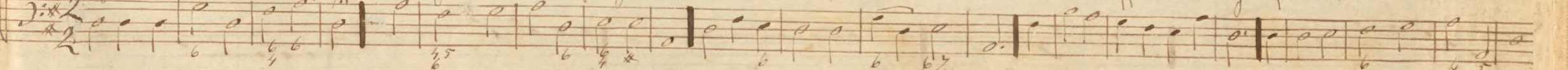
Chorus.



1. With all my powers of heart and tongue, I'll praise my maker in my song; Angels shall hear the notes I raise. Approve the song, and join the praise. Approve the song, and join the praise.



4. I'll sing thy truth and mercy Lord; I'll sing the wonders of thy word; Not all the works and names below So much thy power and glory show.

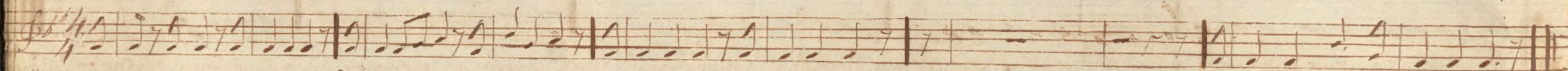


Maestoso.

Tribunal. L. M.

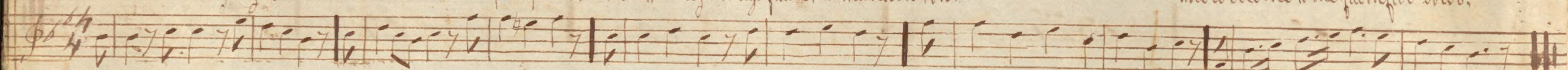
Voice.

Chorus.

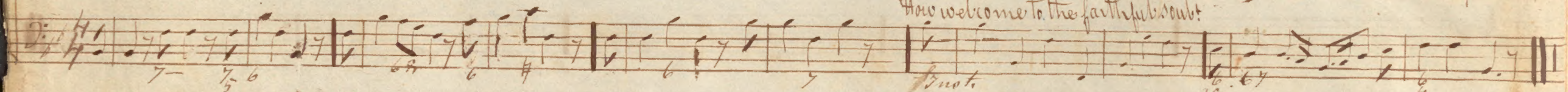


He comes, he comes, the judge severe. The seventh trumpet speaks him near, his lightnings flash, his thunders roll:

How welcome to the faithful soul;



How welcome to the faithful soul!

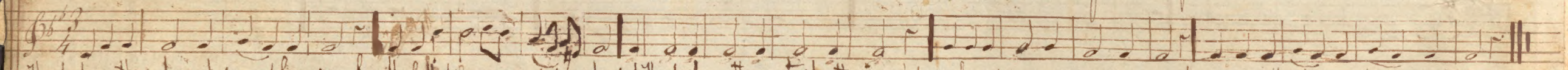


Park Street. L. M.

Venue.

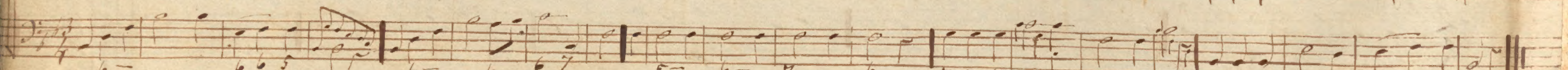
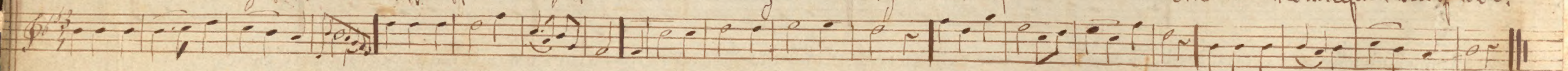


And raise the tuneful notes of love!

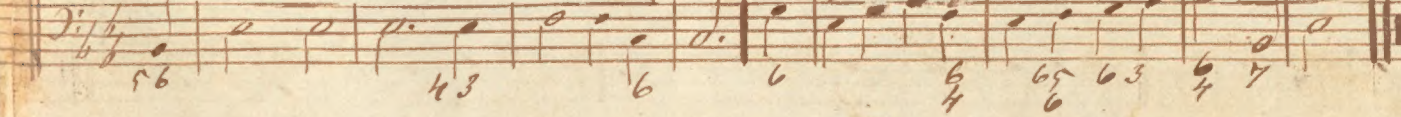
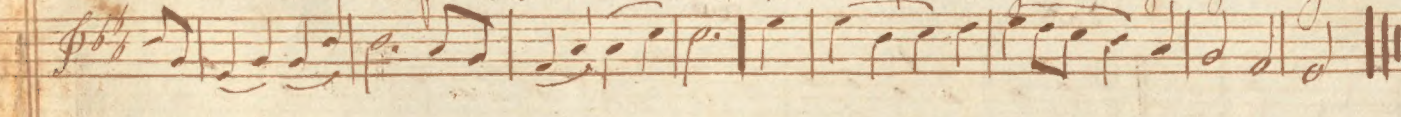
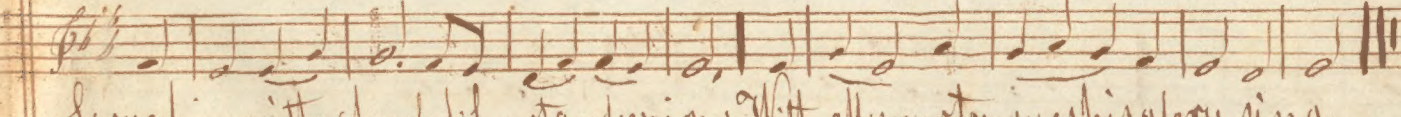
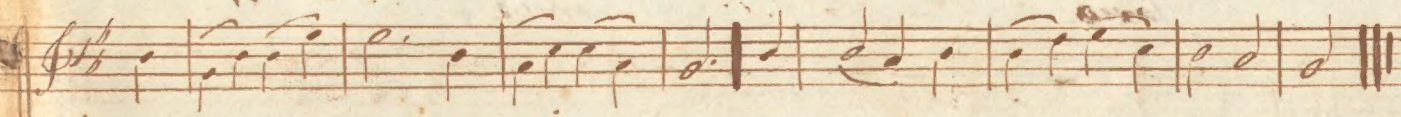
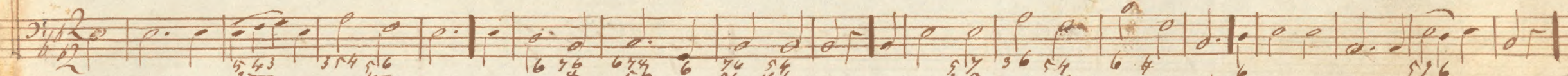
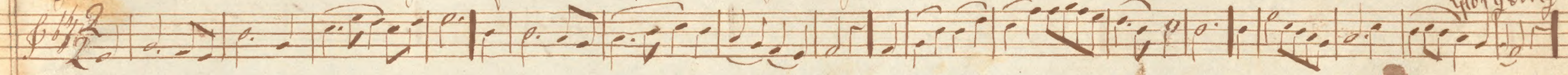
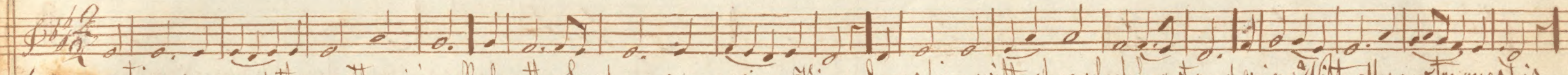
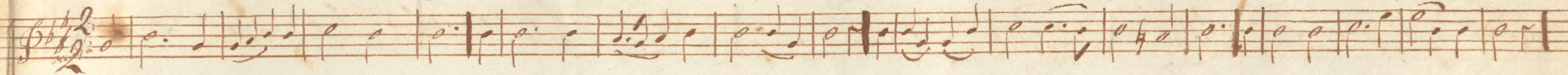


Hark! how the choros song of heav'n. Swells full of peace and joy above! Hark! how they strike their golden harps.

And raise the tuneful notes of love!

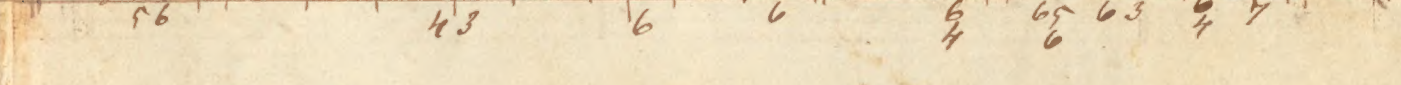
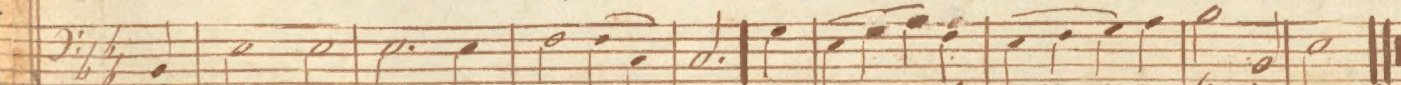
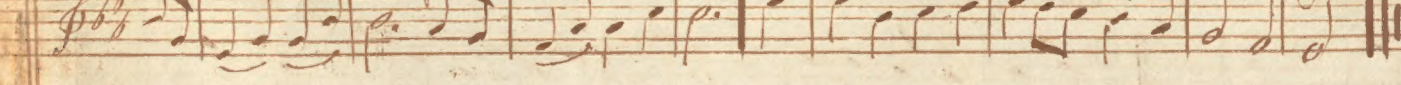


Warsaw. L. M. 6 Lines,



1. Nations round the earth, rejoice, Before the Lord, your sovereign King; Serve him with cheerful heart and voice; With all your tongues his glory sing.

Serve him with cheerful heart and voice; With all your tongues his glory sing.



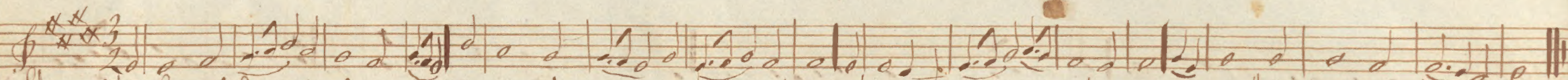
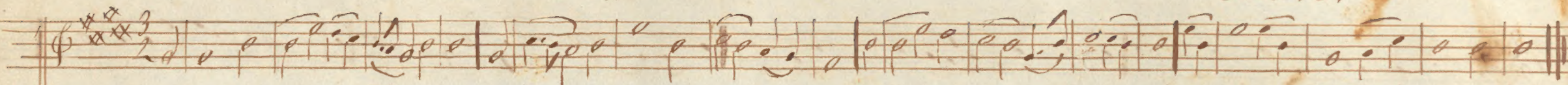
2. The Lord is God; 'tis he alone
Gives life, and breath, and being give;
We are his work, and not our own,
The sheep that on his pastures live.

3. Enter his gates with songs of joy;
With praises to his courts repair;
And make it your divine employ
To pay your thanks and honors there.

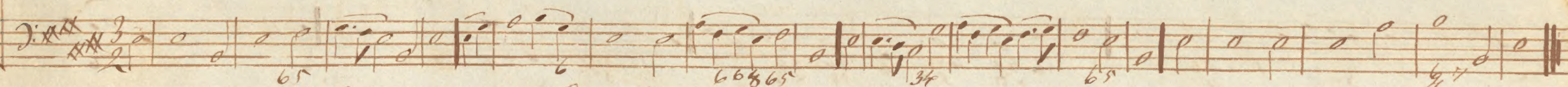
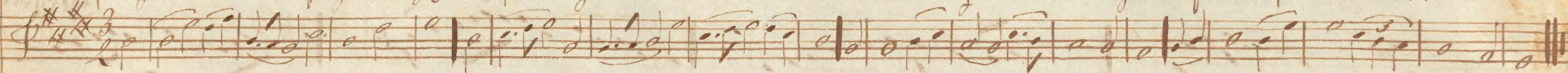
4. The Lord is good; the Lord is kind;
Great is his grace, his mercy sure;
And all the race of man shall find
His truth from age to age endure.

Flanders. L. M.

Swan.



Show pity, Lord, O Lord forgive, Let a repenting rebel live: Are not thy mercies large and free, May not a sinner trust in thee.



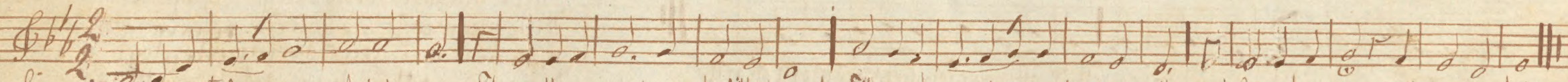
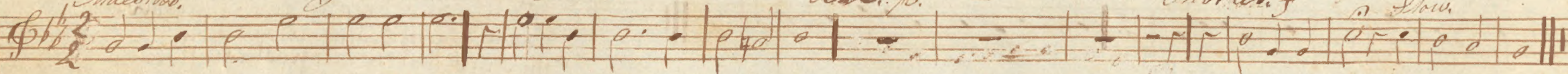
Maestoso.

Grandeur. L. M.

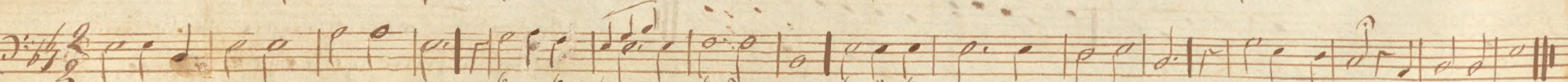
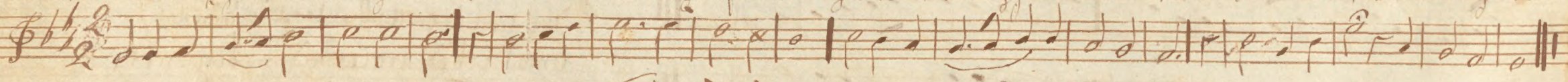
Vers: p.

Chorus: f

Show.



Lord, when thou didst ascend on high, Ten thousand angels filled the sky: Those heavenly guards around thee wait, Like chariots, that attend thy state.



Moderato.

Danverse. L. M.

L. Mason.

1. That man is best, who stands in awe Of God, and loves his sacred law; His seed on earth shall be renowned, And with suc-ces-sive honours crown'd.

2. The soul that's fill'd with vir-tue's light, Shines brightest in af-flic-tion's night; His conscience bears his courage up, He sees in dark-ness beams of hope.

3. Be-set with threat'ning dan-gers round, Un-mov'd shall he main-tain his ground; The sweet remem-brance of the just, Shall flourish, when he sleeps in dust.

Barton. L. M.

verse.

Chorus

My will.

1. Stand up, my soul; shake off my fears. And gird the gospel armor on: March to the gates of end less joy. Where Jesus, thy great Captain's gone. Where Jesus, thy great Captain's gone.

2. Then let my soul march boldly on: Press forward to the heavenly gate: There peace and joy eternal reign. Ang glittering robes for conquerors wait. Ang glittering robes.

3. There shall I wear a starry crown: And triumph in almighty grace; While all the armies of the skies, join in my glorious Leader's praise. Join in my.

Moderato.

Usbridge. L. M.

L. Mason.

1. The heavens declare thy glo-ry, Lord, In every star thy wisdom shines; but when our eyes be-hold thy word, We read thy name in fair-er lines.

2. The roll-ing sun, the changing light, And nights and days thy power confess; But that blest volume thou hast writ, Reveals thy justice and thy grace.

Luton. L. M.

1. With all my powers of heart and tongue, I'll praise my maker in my song; Angels shall hear the notes I raise, Approve the song and join the praise.

2. Thy mercies, Lord, shall be my song, My song on thee shall ever dwell, Do a-ges yet un-born my tongue, Thy never-fail-ing truth shall tell.

Murder

Allegretto.

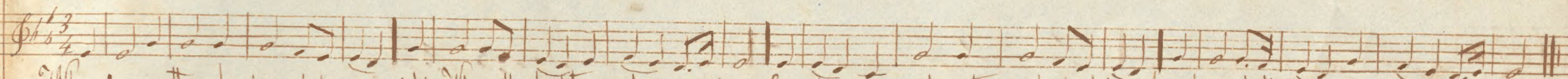
Duke Street. L. M.

J. Watton.

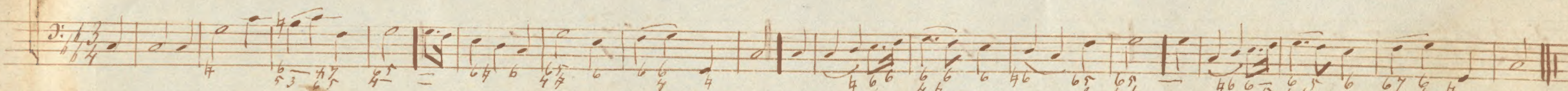
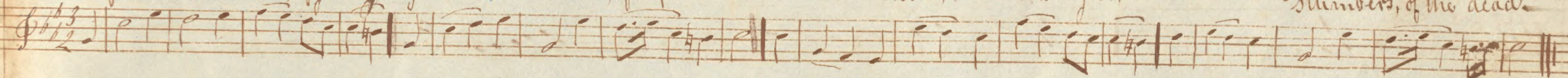
Lord, when thou didst ascend on high, Ten thousand angels filled the sky; Those heavenly guards a-round thee wait, Like chariots, that attend thy state.

Darwin L. M.

Dr Darwin

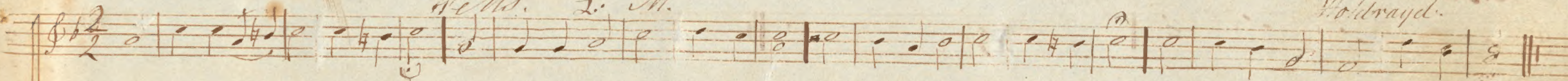


Who from the shades, of gloomy night, When the last tear, of hope is shed, Can bid the soul, return to light, And break the slumbers, of the dead.

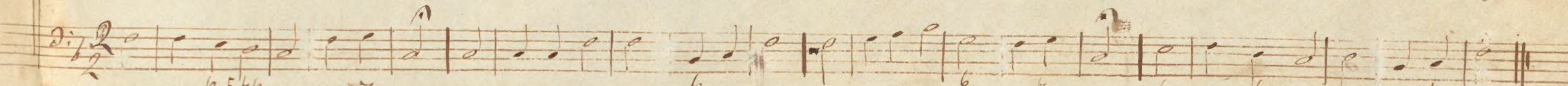


Wells L. M.

H. H. H. H. H.



Life is the time, to serve the Lord, The time to insure, the great reward: And while the lamp, holds out to burn, The vilest sinner, may return.



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5

Hope, Lull.

1. No change of time shall ever shock. My firm affection, Lord, to thee; For thou hast always been my rock.

Versa.

Chorus.

2

Thou ~~art~~^{my} deliverer art, O God;
My trust is in thy mighty power;
Thou art ~~our~~^{my} shield from foes abroad;
At home ~~our~~^{my} safeguard and ~~the~~^{my} tower;

3

To thee will ~~we~~^I address ~~my~~^{my} prayer,
To whom all praise ~~is~~^{is} justly owe:
~~So shall~~^{So shall} ~~we~~^I by thy watchful care,
Be saved from every treacherous foe.

4

Then let Jehovah be adored,
That God, on whom ~~all~~^{all} ~~our~~^{our} hopes depend:
For who, except the mighty Lord,
Can with resistless power defend?